You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke ſayes I.
North. My Lord, in the baſe court he doth attend,
To ſpeake with you: may it pleaſe you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like gliſtering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruly Iades.
In the baſe court, baſe court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles ſhreeke where mounting larks ſhould ſing
Bull. What ſayes his Maieſtie?
North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him ſpeake fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his Maieſtie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. Faire Cooſin you debaſe your Princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it:
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleaſed eye ſee your curteſie:
Vp Cooſin vp; your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſeruice ſhall deſerue your loue.
King. Well you deſerue: they well deſerue to haue, *deserv'd*
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares ſhew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cooſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre; *be my*
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Cooſin is it ſo?
Bull. Yea my good Lord.
King. Then I muſt not ſay no. × *Exeunt.*
Enter.

× Scæna Quinta.

Richard

Enter the Quenne
Que. What ſport ſhall
To driue away the heaui
Lady. Madam weele p
Que. Twill make me t
And that my fortune run
Lady. Madam weele d
Que. My legs can ke
When my poore heart n
Therefore no dauncing
Lady. Madam weele t
Que. Of ſorrow or of
Lady. Of either Mad
Que. Of neither girl
For if of ioy, being altog
It doth remember me th
Or if of griefe, being alt
It addes more ſorrow to
For what I haue I neede
And what I want it boo
Lady. Madam ile ſing
Que. Tis well that th
But thou ſhouldſt pleaſ
Lady. I could weepe
Quee. And I could ſi
And neuer borow any t
But ſtay, heere comme
Lets ſtep into the ſhado
My wretchedneſſe vnto
They will talke of ſtate,
Againſt a change woe is
Ente
Gard. Goe bind tho
Which like vnruly chi
Stoope with oppreſſion
Giue ſome ſupportanc
Goe thou, and like an e
G